

No. 56 - VOL. III.

APRIL 9, 1879

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

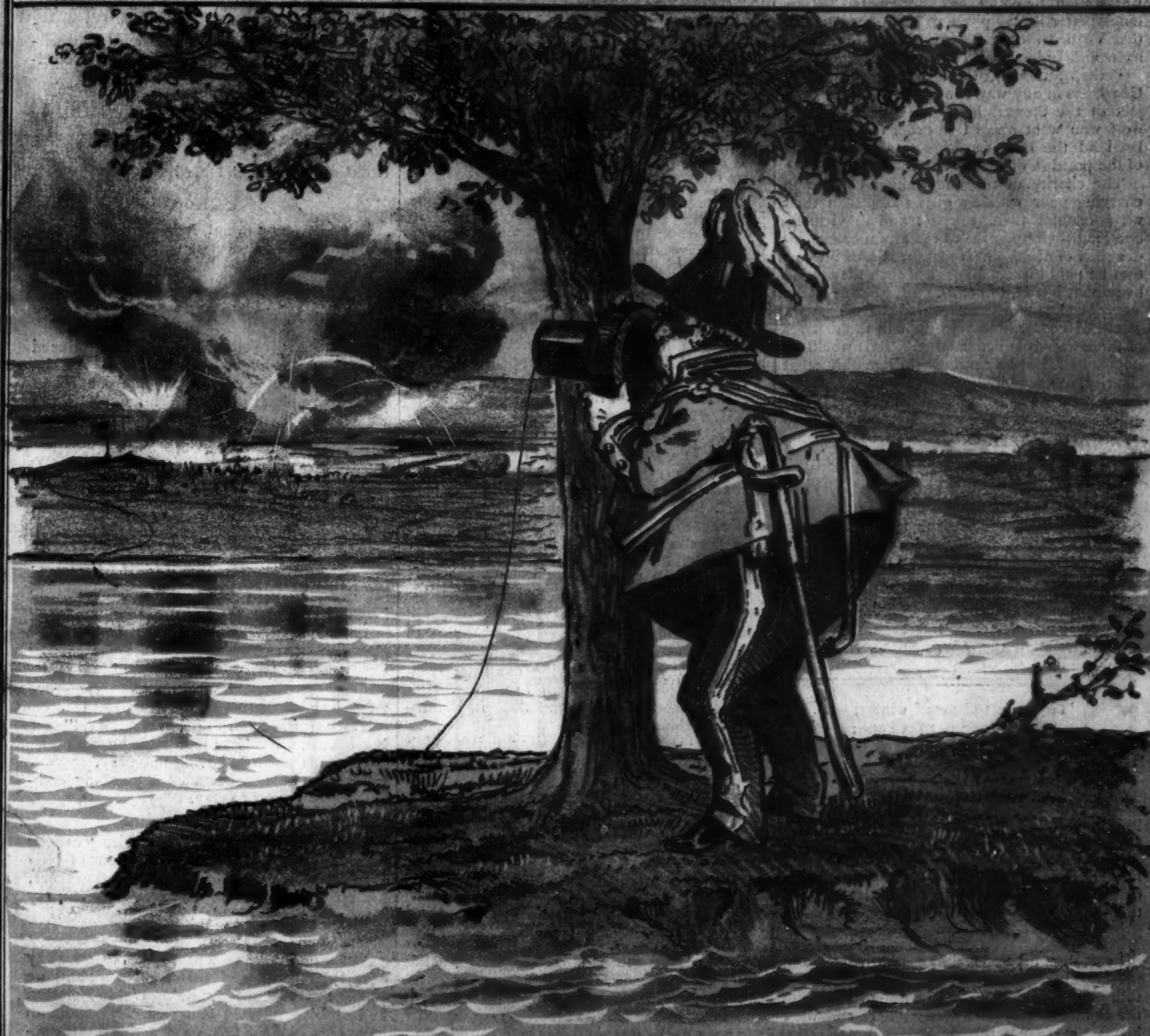
Puck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK

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OFFICE NO 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



CONVENIENCE OF THE TELEPHONE IF ENGLAND GOES TO WAR.

GALLANT COLONEL: "Fix Bayonets? Now, men, up and at 'em! Charge!"

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THE WOMEN'S HOME.

WHEN a man dies and leaves instructions to build something for charity, he is sure to build better or worse than he knows. We say better or worse advisedly.

It is charity to the projector of the Women's Home to believe that his original ideas were not faithfully carried out, and that the institution that has risen to honor his memory is much worse than he could have anticipated. How much better it may prove to be in the cause of that Virtue which is its own reward, Time will show and Judge Hilton will experience.

Perhaps, though, those who imagine that Charity is in any way connected with the project of the Stewart home are mistaken. The wolf who went abroad in order that he might befriend the lamb furnishes an apt illustration of the position of Hilton *et al.* in the matter.

The charity of the undertaking consists in charging poor working girls more than their wage enables them to pay, and in virtually coercing them to agree to the arrangement under pain of dismissal. It may be said of Stewart that he paid his employees less than they could live upon, but Hilton *et al.* go further and take away even the pittance which they receive. PUCK, of course, does not impugn the motives of these would-be benefactors. That would be impossible. But he cannot help remarking that Charity, as exemplified in the case of the Good Samaritan, did not take the form of extras or recommendation letters, and that there was no suspicion of the benevolent succorer being "in" with the thieves who robbed the needy man.

THE late A. T. Stewart was a man of cold disposition and frigid manners. These little things come in handy, now.

BETWEEN the two, it is difficult to say whether Stewart or Hilton deserves more gratitude for generous instincts. But Stewart did one thing more than the other man to win our esteem—he died.

'Tis the last ulster of winter,
 The last one not yet gone:
 All it's lovely companions
 Are safely in pawn.

THE early strawberry, at a dollar a quart, puts on aristocratic airs, and looks with scorn and contempt upon hungry humanity. By July he will get down from his lofty eminence and hide himself between the strata of a fifteen-cent saleratus short-cake, and howl for a customer.

STEWART and Vanderbilt are both dead, and presumably appropriately located. But in one thing the dry-goods man has the advantage of the Commodore. His executors are men after his own heart. If the old Philistine were alive to-day, he couldn't suggest one additional item of meanness and petty tyranny in the arrangements of the "Woman's Home."

STEWART'S WOMEN'S HOTEL
RULES AND REGULATIONS.

In view of the wisdom displayed by Messrs. Stewart and Hilton, it can not but be regarded as rather audacious to propose to vary the programme they have adopted. Still, in the best of faith, we venture to offer, as a substitute for the schedule already published in the papers, the following:

I. All applicants for admission must bring a letter of recommendation, written on one side of the paper only; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

II. As it is intended that each boarder shall be perfectly free and comfortable, no more than twelve will be allowed to share a single room.

III. The hotel being thoroughly fire-proof, the rooms on each floor are equally desirable, especially the lower ones, for which three dollars a day will be charged extra.

IV. The elevator can be used at any hour. A nominal fee of twenty cents will be charged for all willing to use it.

V. Meals served at all hours. Those not breakfasting at 5 o'clock A.M. will be charged extra.

VI. A boarder may invite a lady-friend. And in return the lady-friend may invite the boarder. Terms moderate.

VII. Keys must be left in the office. For all keys lost twenty-five cents will be charged. No extra charge for the use of key-holes.

VIII. The hotel will be closed at 12 o'clock, at which hour everybody must go to bed. Those wishing to remain up a few minutes later must receive a special permit from the manager. But under no circumstances will it be permitted to sing "The Sweet By-and-by" after hotel-hours.

IX. All girls wishing to play circus in their rooms will have to obtain a license from the manager of the dramatic department.

X. Extra gas will be charged for, invariably.

XI. No bill-board tickets will be issued.

XII. No washerwomen allowed in the rooms. All washing done in the hotel laundry. Ladies wishing to have their washing, which has just left the laundry, washed over again, can be accommodated at reasonable rates.

XIII. Baths are located on every floor. Prices vary according to length of bather's sojourn. Towels extra.

XIV. No dogs, cats, birds or mules admitted into rooms. All pet animals must be provided for in the private menagerie.

XV. No boarder will be accepted unless of good character, over six years old, and able to pay in advance.

XVI. Any boarder having cause for complaint, is requested to state it in writing. Immediate remedy will be found then in the dismissal of the complainant.

XVII. To avoid unnecessary noises which might disconcert nervous boarders, no coughing or sneezing will be allowed in the rooms. Ladies affected with colds, and finding it necessary to cough, can secure cough-checks from the clerk at twenty-five cents each. Reduction on taking a quantity.

XVIII. The services of the chaplain will be offered gratuitously. But he must always be returned in good order—the clerk will take a receipt).

It is the intention of the management of the Women's Hotel to provide a home for ladies who support themselves, which shall offer all the comforts of a home, at the lowest possible cost—to the management. The building has been completed, and will be conducted in accordance with Mr. Stewart's plans, and to meet his well-known views on this subject—and any other.

Puckerings.

Lot's wife was too fresh.

THE man who wears a chest-protector is called in.

THE prudent wife is already beginning to lay the foundations for that Easter hat.

A LADY, referring to the flirting propensities of her young friend, said: "She would sit up in her coffin to coquette with the undertaker!"

It will be quite a saving for the firm to board and lodge its own shop-girls in the Women's Hotel—instead of paying them wages.

THE daisies are somewhat backward this year. Sam Cox would make a good fertilizer. We merely throw this out by way of a suggestion.

THE dairies are all open again, and this year's crop of waiter-girls, taken in the aggregate, is sixty per cent. red-headed, and perceptibly more on the squint than the preceding one.

Lemme 'lone?

Got 'em bad!

Throat—bone—

Ktch! whff! gah! ghrr! hoo! gwphchffaw that shad!

IT can not be a proud reflection to the man who blows his loudest note on a bugle standing on the outer balcony of a Bowery museum, that after all he is only luring a confiding verdant to spent fifteen cents on a fat woman.

WHEN the Moffett Bell-Punch is introduced into New York liquor stores, the air of the Metropolis will be filled with a concord of sweet sounds, compared to which Trinity chimes will sound like a toy-piano.

AN Englishman, on being arraigned for having married a girl in New York, while his first wife was living in London, sought refuge in the plea that there was no international copyright law.

FOXES are getting scarce in England, and ere long the bold Briton will be reduced to galloping madly, surrounded by his canine menagerie, over the fields of the submissive yeomanry, in daring chase of the ferocious polecat.

"Oh, how this spring of life resembleth
 The uncertain glories of an April day!"
 Is longer and less terse than what he saith
 Who, his umbrella having put away,
 Is for some hours beneath a leaky awning compelled to stay.

THE word "Theophorus" signifies "carried by God." The religious Republicans of New Hampshire, speaking of the late election there, lift up their voices to the top notch, and cry aloud: "Theophorus!"

WE want those western papers to go away with their robin and their blue-bird, and we propose to discount Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson and his blooming old Rhodora. We claim to have received the first solid, serious, business-like indication of the arrival of Spring. We bounced him down-stairs and chucked his poem into the waste-paper basket three weeks ago.

THE NEW BASIS.

WE wish to protest, with all the vigor that is in us, against this wild, chimerical idea of paying the Fishery Awards. We admit that the United States consented to arbitration in this matter; that the verdict has gone fairly against us, and that under ordinary circumstances it would be proper to pay the verdict promptly and fully. We admit that we should have counseled such a course a year ago. We admit that it is only right and just that nations, like individuals, should pay their debts, abide by their agreements, and do no wrong to others.

But the United States is an exceptional nation. It has of late taken up exceptionality as a specialty. It stands alone among the peoples of the earth on a 92-cent basis. Our honesty is honesty with a difference: our national honor honor subject to a discount.

We have cast aside the shackles of conventionality. We have slipped out of the absurd fetters of moral obligation which hamper older governments. We are a ninety-two cent nation. Shall we not take advantage of the fact?

Is it then for nothing that we have passed through a fiery ordeal of humiliation and disgrace? We have exposed our degradation and dishonesty to the world: we have publicly advertised ourselves as in fraudulent bankruptcy. And are we to reap no benefit from the performance?

If the same obligations bind us as before, of what use was it to pass through the heaped-up misery of the last few months? We have humbled ourselves before false gods; we have crawled on our bellies, and licked the dust off the Senate-chamber floor; we have kissed the feet of Bland and kindred political abortions; we have submitted to the mountebank mockeries of little Sammicox, all that we might be enabled to wash our hands of a just debt by subscribing to a "double standard" of thievery. And now, on top of all this, we are called upon to pay the face-value of a new claim—to pay it honestly and honorably.

As a ninety-two cent nation, we protest.

MYTHOLOGY ON THE HALF-SHELL.

VI.
ANDROMEDA.

ANDROMEDA, who terminated her name, in the original, with an *e*, was the daughter of Kepheus, King of Ethiopia, and Cassiopeia. Cassiopeia was a white woman. So was her daughter. We regret, we regret extremely to say that Kepheus was, not to put too fine a point upon it, a nigger. We feel that there is a kind of break in the chromatic scale, just here; but we don't see what is to be done about it. Kepheus has never put his opinions on record. Perhaps he liked diversity of color. At any rate, let us not be harder than the gods. They recognized in Cassiopeia an emancipated female, and in view of the fact that she had no French dramatist to rehabilitate her, they set her, after her death, among the stars—just as Dumas *fil*s has set Mlle. Marguerite Gauthier.

But we wander from the subject. We are talking of Andromeda. Andromeda grew up extremely pretty, and in due course of time got engaged to a young man by the name of Phineus. This engagement was the cause of considerable trouble to both parties. In fact, it killed Phineus. Of course, the source of the difficulty was Cassiopeia. Her baneful influence began to exert itself even before its due and proper time. Phineus may be said to have suffered from a premature attack of mother-in-law.

The circumstances of the case were these.

Phineus was a bashful youth, and it took a good deal of manœuvring on Cassiopeia's part to bring him up to the proposing point. He hesitated and hung back a long time. Cassiopeia got impatient, and after a while resorted to sporting tactics. We do not recommend any mama of the present day to follow her example. The move was disastrous to all concerned. Cassiopeia took to betting on her daughter's beauty. She went round Ethiopia offering long odds on Andromeda's looks, and cleaned out two quadrons, a mulatto banco-steerer, and a buck-nigger as black as the ace of spades, who put up his only wordly possession, a yellow dog, on a local belle, and lost. This kind of thing, kept up steadily, finally induced Phineus to invest in the favorite.

But it also attracted the attention, and excited the jealousy of the Nereids. The Nereids were a family of young women living on the seashore, who bathed for a living, and who were remarkably blue, according to ancient chroniclers. Their particular friend was Poseidon, better known at the present day as Neptune, the inventor of free baths and table-salt. To Poseidon these young ladies complained that Cassiopeia was a mean old thing, and Andromeda a hateful, stuck-up, pert creature, and what anybody saw to admire in her they couldn't tell. They did not, however, mention to Poseidon that Phineus had been in the habit of calling on them in a quiet way, and that he was generally an eligible, though bashful youth.

Poseidon promised to see to the case, and he did.

He first started a kind of mild deluge, drowned out the plumbers in their basements, and then, just as the Ethiopians were beginning to rejoice in this deliverance, he rang the sea-serpent in on them. This was a sore test of the Ethiopian credulity; but when the visitor wriggled into their chief towns, and began chawing up the inhabitants, they began to place considerable credence in the rumors of his existence.

The Ethiop population passively pampered the insatiate maw of the monster, as the eloquent head-lines in their papers expressed it, for some time. Then they sent a delegation to wait on Cassiopeia, and explain to her that while they admired, viewed as an abstract quality, her maternal pride in Andromeda, yet there was a point where they felt it necessary to draw the line, in the matter of active sympathy, and they drew it at sea-serpents. Cassiopeia sobbed, and said that they didn't understand her feelings as a mother. They said they did not.

The delegation next visited King Kepheus. The King didn't say anything about his feelings as a father, probably because there was very little to say on that subject; and when the committee dropped a few hints as to the progress of republican ideas, and the expense of keeping up monarchical institutions, he promptly gave them permission to do what they carte blanche pleased about it.

A compromise was readily effected with Poseidon. All that his young women wanted was that Andromeda should retire permanently from the belle business. It was proposed that the unfortunate maiden should be tied to a rock by the side of the stormy ocean, that the salt-air might spoil her complexion. Cassiopeia lifted a feminine pedal against the arrangement, but it is supposed that Kepheus quieted her feelings as a mother, for the plan was finally carried out.

They tied Andromeda up against the side of a cliff, and left her to her melancholy fate. The mighty surges of the ocean thundered up the shore, and broke in clouds of spray at her feet, and took all the crimps out of her hair. Small but innumerable midges swarmed about her and irritated the tip of her dainty nose.

The sun shone in her eyes, and dried her wet garments till she felt all over her a kind of scurfy saline dryness, something such as a lobster might feel after being exposed for three or four long days on a Fulton Market fish-stall.

But she forgot all these minor discomforts, when suddenly the sea-serpent convoluted himself on to the scene. Slowly and sinuously he advanced towards the hapless Andromeda, fixing his basilisk eyes (he had basilisk eyes) upon her. Nearer and nearer he drew. He distended his vast jaws, and brandished his forked (disyllable) tongue, and licked his sanguinary chaps. Uttering a fearful roar, he was just about to add one more lovely victim to the choice collection of semi-digested Ethiop in his interior, when a young man suddenly appeared.

This young man's name was Perseus. He was a nice young man. He took in the situation at once. He said: "This is a sad waste of young woman." He then addressed himself to the serpent, and remarked: "Come off." The serpent failed to come, and Perseus tried to pull him off by the tail. At this the serpent became contemptuously defiant, and offered to lick Perseus out of his boots for five sesterces. Perseus responded that he wore sandals, and that boots were an anachronism, and that, not being a bloody Roman, he did not carry sesterces about him, and that it would give him great satisfaction to settle with his interlocutor on the main issue. The serpent objected to being called an interlocutor, said he was no such thing, went in, and got so badly spoiled that he has been a kind of a myth ever since.

Perseus then cut Andromeda down, led her to a fisherman's humble cot, where she re-crimped her hair with the aid of a pair of oyster-tongs, and put cold-cream on her nose where the midges had battened on her tip-tilted beauty.

As soon as Andromeda was "fixed up," Perseus examined her, and found her satisfactory. He proposed to her, and she responded eloquently, with a tender lovelight shining in her soulful orbs: "I s'pose so."

The happy pair went back to Kepheus, who made inquiries into Perseus's antecedents, and found them as straight as was deemed necessary. He gave his royal consent to the marriage. Cassiopeia chipped in with her maternal acquiescence.

But just then Phineus turned up. He had been keeping extremely quiet during the episode of the sea-serpent; he had been absent-minded, as it were, and he hadn't loomed up much in the flesh. But now he came foaming to the front. His honor was outraged. He wanted his lovely bride, and he wished to be allowed to eviscerate Perseus. He was allowed to try. They bore him bare-faced to his sarcophagus, six proper youths and alitudinous; and they inscribed on his tomb: "Gone to meet the Sea Serpent."

Perseus and Andromeda were married. They lived happily, and raised a family. At least, history does not say so, but the assumption seems probable. Cassiopeia was to a certain extent quieted down, and she did not trouble the young people. She further solidified herself with them by dying at an early date.

When Andromeda died she joined her mother in the stars. What became of Kepheus is not stated.

Andromeda enjoys the rare distinction of having her name accented on the penultimate in Greek, and on the ante-penultimate in English. Perseus, however, habitually called her "old woman." The accent in this case is invariable.

The moral of this little tale is very clear. It points the evils of the pernicious doctrines of teetotalism. Andromeda saw snakes from indulging too freely in water. Her mishap is a solemn warning against the immoderate use of this dangerous beverage.

MY MUSE AND MY LOVE.

(VILLANELLE.)

THOUGH, at times, a restraint might be proper,
When my turbulent Muse wants to caper,
'Tis most awfully awkward to stop her.

There's my love!—would, for peace, I could drop her—
Who my life steepes in languishing vapor;
Though, at times, a restraint might be proper.

In the words of the bard: she's a whopper;
She glows in my soul like a taper;
'Tis most awfully awkward to stop her.

O that question!—I *will* be a popper!
Come, Muse, here is pencil and paper!
(Though, at times, a restraint might be proper,
'Tis most awfully awkward to stop her).

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

HOW AEDULUS FOUND HIS AFFINITY.



AEDULUS was a trombonist—that is to say, he played the trombone in a theatre orchestra. To say that he had *lived* forty-five years would be to use a metaphor for which his best friends could discover no shred of justification. It might be said truly, however, that he had *existed* that length of time. When about the age of twenty, he followed a laudable precedent and went and got married. The world designated a fair German maiden as the partner of his joys and sorrows, but this designation was not altogether accurate. Aedulus, being a trombonist, had no joys. The fair German maiden was therefore the partner of his sorrows only. What the sorrows of a trombone-player are, a careless world does not seek to know. But they were, at any rate, too much for the German maiden. There is an old adage about "paying for the piper," but the exigencies of the German maiden's position constrained her to make a slight variation in the musician's case and call it "paying for the trombonist."

Hence the home life of the musician was not harmonious.

He separated at last from the fair German, and they agreed to take their sorrows singly. Had this arrangement been the means of freeing the community from the blare, blight and annoyance of the musician's daily practice, all would have been well. But it only served to lighten the heart of Aedulus. He dreamt no longer of orchestration, but took fiendish delight in his musical cavortings. The other boarders in the house where he lived protested, and Aedulus shook the cobwebs of the attic from the trombone, and left for parts unknown to his former victims. For some time after that he led a strange sort of life. It was a diorama with Destiny working the crank. Aedulus was accustomed to hire a room at a boarding-house. At the end of the week he was acquainted with the fact that the other residents protested against him, and that he must leave. He did so. This proceeding was repeated every week. For his own guidance he constructed a little chart of his peregrinations. He added also this formula:

A PAGE FROM THE TROMBONIST'S DIARY.

FIRST DAY.—Move in. Baggage goes astray. Received with cordiality by all parties.

SECOND DAY.—Trombone practice and trouble begins. The landlady and family continue friendly, but the other boarders are distant, and express disapprobation.

THIRD DAY.—Trouble gradually rises. Boarders begin to protest secretly. Landlady less cordial than before.

FOURTH DAY.—Trouble increases. No one speaks to the trombonist except a deaf man, on whom he has made a favorable impression. A young man who is not in at nights champions Aedulus without success.

FIFTH DAY.—Trouble still increasing. Boarders protest publicly, and offer to leave. Aedulus loses ground.

SIXTH DAY.—Ferment! Continued protests of boarders. A friend of the landlady takes the musician's seat at table. He construes this as a hint and is told to leave.

LAST DAY.—Trouble culminates. Aedulus is ejected, and order once more reigns.

When the trombonist had passed through perhaps thirty variations of this experience, it began to occur to him that the proceeding had lost its bloom and novelty, and was becoming very monotonous. So he hit upon the device of hiring rooms by the month. This, however, only delayed his inevitable downfall for a time, as at the end of his term he was invariably ejected with precision and dispatch. He did not despair, however. He was too far gone for that. He resumed hiring rooms by the week. But then another unforeseen trouble confronted him.

He took board at a house from which he had been ejected. He was not permitted to stay, and it began to dawn upon his mind that he had exhausted the full number of eligible boarding-houses in the town.

It might be suggested at this stage that Aedulus resembled a will-o'-the-wisp, and his movements bore close simile to the Pilgrim's Progress; but I desist from the comparison, as in the latter case it would be adjudged profane, and in the former would be identifying a highly respectable quadruped with a degraded trombone-player, and thus bringing the animal kingdom into discredit.

Aedulus made at length an arrangement whereby he was to reside at a boarding-house surreptitiously. By a strange circumstance, there resided in the contiguous apartment a lady with an easy-running eight-dollar sewing-machine. Aedulus thought at first that it was a hydraulic engine in bad working order; but reflecting that he was a surreptitious boarder, he held his peace. The sewing-machine woman was not prepossessed by the trombonist; and when he began to practice the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," with variations, on a Sunday afternoon, she became restive. But Aedulus continued his reckless career, and went so far as to play some of Wagner's music. At this point the rage of the sewing-machine woman began to rise. It was the custom of Aedulus to toot his horn from 7:30 A. M. until 7:30 P. M., to take a respite at the theatre, and then to play in the evening from 11 until 1 or 2. He became quite proficient.

One night when the house was very still, Aedulus began playing furiously with his horn. The sewing-machine woman had been listening intently, and suddenly she began operating the machine. Aedulus paused for a few moments, and only the clangor of the machine was heard. Aedulus sighed heavily and then took his trombone. It gave forth a shrill, hollow sound, which was prolonged (with great effort on the part of Aedulus) for five minutes, and then a crash was heard. The instrument lay on the floor shattered and broken, and Aedulus was beside it. A sigh of relief broke from the sewing-machine woman.

But her triumph was transitory. For in another moment a din more terrible than before came from Aedulus's apartment. He was playing a sonata on a bass-drum.

Patience has its limits, endurance its just bounds. The sewing-machine woman could

stand the infliction no longer. She wrote the following message on a card and passed it under the door:

"STOP THAT DAMN NOISE."

Aedulus read the card with bewilderment, and responded: "I do as pleases me. You do not like my noise. Go out. You ——" He heard her sniffing the air with fury on the other side of the door. He tore up the card and whispered through the keyhole: "Young man, stop that steam Presses."

"I am a woman," she responded. "I have a sewing-machine."

"Then you had better pay the policy on it," said Aedulus.

The young woman was now resolved. She left her apartment and walked into the hall-way. She tried the door of Aedulus's room. It was unlocked. She walked in. The blow he gave the bass-drum on seeing her was fatal. The instrument became a total wreck. The woman who confronted him was his wife—the German maiden.

* * *

The reader must picture to himself the scene which followed. They were reconciled. "I plays no more in the theatre orchestras," said Aedulus. "I will give away my easy-runner," said the German maiden—a decision that brought balm and peace to the heart and tranquility and rest to the soul of the much-persecuted trombonist.

ERNEST HARVIER.

A TRIPLE MURDER UNRECORDED.

DR. FISH was hastening down Main Street on a morning call, when a stalwart negro, breathless with agitation, accosted him and exclaimed:

"Oh, massa, massa, what have they gone and done?"

The Doctor thought they might have enjoined "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but he held his peace.

"It war an awful sight," said the negro. It happened in our alley. Jake Holmes he try to kill hisself. No go. He takes an axe and kills free of de boarders and den runs away."

The Doctor did not tarry for further details, but hurried at once to the principal newspaper office. He was shown to the sanctum, and inquired, "Is Editor Orgilvie in?" There was a hearty affirmative from the party in question. The doctor sat down.

"Great news," he said. "I have a sensation for you, ahead of every other paper in town. Confided to me under bond of secrecy. A great crime has been committed—three persons killed. Here is your chance to steal a march on all the papers."

Fish gave a circumstantial account of the details of the horror. He described eloquently the sensations of the murder, and the circumstances leading to the fearful deed.

Orgilvie listened intently.

"With what instrument was it accomplished?" asked Orgilvie, rapidly taking down the occurrence.

"With a meat-axe," said Fish.

"Where did he get it?" asked the editor.

The eyes of Fish sparkled intently as he answered: "At Dickson's, on Court-House Block."

"I am very sorry," said Orgilvie, tearing what he had written into little pieces. "I cannot use that item."

"Why not?" said Fish, horror-stricken.

"Dickson does not advertise with us," said the editor, "and Haley, across the way, does. Should ever a murder be committed with one of his axes, we shall be glad to record it; but Dickson—not much."

A DUEL IN ALSATIA.

SWORDS AT THIRTY PACES.

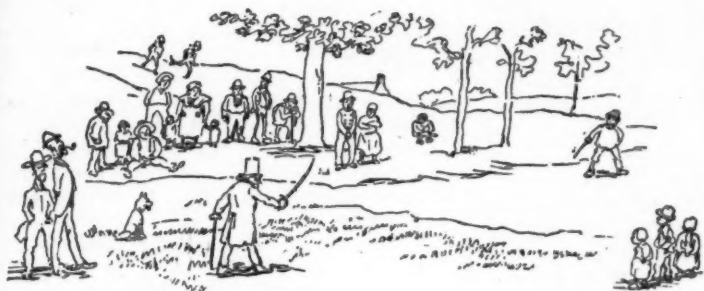
(Reported by PUCK's Special Traveling Correspondent.)

(Continued.)

STROBINSCHÉ'S MEADOW was within gunshot of the tavern, and boasted all those idyllic charms that made the contrast with the turbulence of the duelists seem the more striking. It was a charming spot, where Mary's original lamb might have begun following her to school one day, and poured out its loving heart in tender bleats.

Crepaud thrust a weapon into the hand of each contestant, and made a few neat and appropriate remarks to the effect that the honor of France demanded vengeance and gore, gore and vengeance, in equal proportions, and without delay. Then he slid back a step or two to avoid being slashed in the ear by mistake.

Boussage stood thirty paces from his rival and glared at him. Boussage was not near-sighted, and thirty paces was a convenient distance for survey. Not one pace nearer would he come, either, but he brandished his sword with holocaustic rage.



Béranger took in the brandish. He smiled contemptuously. Then he cried out: "Approach, if you dare," and waved his sword triumphantly over his head. But Boussage was thirty paces off, and there he stayed.

"I'm safer off here," he said; "if I got nearer to him I'd hurt him," and he bit his lip; "yes, I'd hurt him!" And seeing then that Béranger was rushing for him, he hastily got off far enough to make the thirty paces again.



Béranger grew violent. "Zounds and fury!" he cried in fiery French, and he swished his sword in the air as though to slay a whole army, and when he recovered he was out of breath.

There was a pause. A dread, meaningful pause. Not the quiet that is born of peace, but that ominous lull that precedes the tempest.

With the battle-cry: "*A bas le monstre Boussage*," the attorney again brandished his sword and rushed (like the Crusader upon the Saracen) madly upon his enemy.

Had it not been that Monsieur Béranger's agility was impeded by a weak ankle, the fury of his onslaught might have proved disastrous to the plebeian. But as it was, Boussage availed himself of the active qualities of his own unshackled legs, and got out of the way more quickly than the lawyer could get in it.

The plebeian's seconds were somewhat surprised by this manœuvre. They had taken their post on a hill some fifteen paces off to the side; and Monsieur Schnepflé, as he saw Boussage fleeing from the enemy, cried out:

"Say—y—shall we wait here till you get back?"

Monsieur Béranger, with the penetration of a true strategist, then said that no hand-to-hand encounter could be brought about by such methods as these. He determined to substitute cunning for courage. He stuck his sword under his arm and beat a retreat.

It was a successful bait. The enemy nibbled. With a wild cry of victory that made the whole neighborhood shake, he dashed upon the retreating attorney.

The spectators' interest was growing intense.

Jean Crepaud, though he had been among the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, and was posted in all the military tactics of guerilla warfare, couldn't quite understand Béranger's movements. He shook his head disapprovingly and exclaimed:

"Ce que veut dire ça, Monsieur Béranger? Courage, courage, mon ami!"

When the assailant had come so near that his snorting reached the attorney's ears, the scene changed. Monsieur Béranger turned himself with a dextrous movement that would have done honor to a Turco, and plunged bravely upon the again absconding plebeian.



Wheugh! what a chase then followed! The attorney's colleague grew frantic with delight at Béranger's tactics. Everybody was loud in admiration of him, and as the forms of the contestants vanished—one in pursuit and the other in flight—everybody felt that the attorney would conquer or die. But Nature has rights that even vengeful attorneys are bound to respect. Monsieur Béranger grew terribly tired. He could continue the

chase no longer. He stopped and seated himself on the road. Boussage saw him and availed himself of the opportunity to rest also, which he did—thirty paces off.

The distance was just convenient to allow each to throw withering glances upon the other.

Monsieur Boussage's seconds then approached, and offered with remarkable suavity to fetch him some brandy. But strange to say, and for the first time in his life, he declined. "No," he said, "there is no time for luxury. This thing has got to be settled," and he tried to look heroic; but he added in an undertone: "I'm damned if I wouldn't rather drive ten wagon-loads of mud than fight a duel." Which wasn't so heroic.

After a while the contestants, imitating the example of Homer's heroes, threw verbal missiles at each other.



"Canaille!" cried the attorney, "how can you have the gall to carry on a conversation with me?—you who come of a family of scavengers!"

"Scavengers be blowed! What do you come from?" And then, as though he had sent forth a crushing argument, he looked proudly at the surrounding faces, as much as to say, "Had him there, didn't I?"

Thus they continued until Boussage hurled forth a remark that reflected upon the honor of the feminine portion of the Béranger family. This was more than he could stand. So he jumped into the air. And with that jump again flashed his sword.

"You miserable hound, take that!" and the sword fell. But Boussage wasn't where it fell. He was thirty paces off.

Again the pursuit began.



(To be concluded.)

SPR—.

THE modest dew-eyed violet peeps out
Along the brookside in its whilom hue;
In mute procession her sisters will, no doubt,
Make their beauteous advent when they're due.

Ineffable beauty bounteous Nature knows,
And love-lit souls with tender passion plead,
While the bee finds a boudoir in the rose,
As roves he where his captious reveries lead.

Adown the heavens opal argosies float,
In mystical architecture of the winds,
Marring the sweetness of the bluebird's note,
The melancholy grinder wistfully grinds.

Deep in the heart mild springtime wakens joy,
The cherry wears its annual snowy gown;
Transports of bliss possess the barefoot boy
As the gay circus pageant enters the town.

Capriciously the timorous, meek-eyed dove
Circles above its owner's rural cot—
Ah! golden hour when some men fall in love;
[Ah! golden hour when other men do not.]

Close curtained from the amorous eye of day,
Beauty, within her ringlets of polished jet,
Inserts with faultless grace a dainty spray
Of that which suits her—jasmine or mignonette.

Swift from the white-winged mutable founts above
Soft liquid pearls on the fragrant mead are poured;
The gardener's thrilled with poesy and love—
He gets at least ten dollars per month and board.

Here, as in the forest's boundless tracts,
Sweet spring on damask flower-wings passes by.
These tender rhymes I merely offer as facts—
Facts which, I think, no person can well deny.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A CERTAIN WILL CASE.

PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE SURROGATE FOR THE
DIVISION OF THE TESTATOR'S ESTATE AMONG
THE LAWYERS.

COUNSELLOR SNIFF called Manfred Delaney, a peanut-vender from Patchogue, to the stand.

"State what you know concerning the mental character of the deceased."

A. He was once crossing in a ferry-boat, and I asked him to buy peanuts, but he refused.

Counsel for the defense objected, that the testimony was irrelevant.

Sniff said he offered to prove by this testimony that the testator was insane. Could anyone doubt that a man refusing to buy peanuts was *non compos mentis*?

The Surrogate ruled the point well taken.

Counsel for the defense "objected."

Sniff then asked: "Master Delaney, in your judgment, as an expert, was the testator of weak mind?"

DELANEY. I would unhesitatingly so pronounce him.

Delaney then left the stand.

"I offer to prove," said the counsel for the defense, "that Delaney's character in Patchogue is not good. He has been a minor for eight years, and is now a truant."

The Surrogate ruled that the Court could not receive derogatory testimony of deceased persons only. When Delaney made a will, it would be time to asperse his memory.

Counsel for defense then called Lucrezia Emeline Hodges, a negress selling flowers, to "rebut" the testimony of Delaney.

QUESTION. Did you ever see the deceased?

ANSWER. No.

Q. Do you know anything about him?

A. No.

Q. Do you feel competent to give an opinion on his mental status?

A. Yes.

Q. State your judgment.

A. He was perfectly sane.

Counsellor Sniff, for the prosecution, offered to present testimony impeaching the veracity of Miss Hodges. Counsel for the defense objected, and the offer was refused.

Sniff objected. Miss Hodges left the witness-stand.

Sniff called Owen Gleason, a rag man, to the stand, to "rebut" the testimony of Miss Hodges.

Q. Did you know the deceased?

A. Yes.

Q. For how long?

A. Till he died.

Q. In what capacity did you know him?

A. I bought rags from his house.

Q. What was the quality of the rags?

Objected to as irrelevant. Objection overruled.

A. They were poor rags.

SNIFF. I put this in evidence as conclusive of the testator's weak mental condition.

Q. Did you regard him as insane from that circumstance?

A. Unmistakably.

Q. Did you ever notice anything else peculiar about him?

A. Yes. One day I rang at the basement door. He was sitting in the parlor window, but did not come down and let me in.

Q. Do you attribute it to insanity?

A. I do. He was manifestly insane.

Cross-examined. A. I once saw him shake hands with a stranger.

Q. Why do you call him a stranger?

A. I did not know him.

Sniff said he was ready to rest the case, but must first put two boot-blacks and five newsboys on the stand to prove his insanity.

Counsel for defense remarked: "Your Honor, I shall rebut their testimony with that of two stevedores who are wholly unprejudiced, never having seen the deceased."

The Surrogate then adjourned the Court for the day, and the litigants accompanied the lawyers to the street.

A DISTRESSING SITUATION.



Mr. Proudfoot suffers excruciating pain with a tight shoe at the theatre. He succeeds in removing it, though rather awkwardly.



It having been kicked down the aisle, the usher picks it up and wants to know if any gentleman has lost his shoe.



Mr. Proudfoot puts it on, inwardly groaning: "What will Matilda think of me?"

A PARABLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

ONCE there was a good man, who lived in the age when honesty and pure hands were a thing unknown—almost. And this good man had a daughter who was fair to look upon, and wore a pull-back of the latest style. She was the envy of the neighbors, who came to look over the fence as she passed along the road.

Now, as a natural consequence, there were many young men, of more or less gaudy raiment, with a greater or less number of trade-dollars in their trousers, who would fain look with eyes of love—or “sheep’s eyes,” as the poets put it—upon the aforesaid fair damsel.

But the old man, who was “up to snuff” and had been “through the mill” himself, said that he would accept no man for a son-in-law who had not pure hands—hands like driven snow. Then were the hearts of all the young men sore within them, and they gathered nightly at the corner grocery to discourse upon the subject of the lovely daughter and the faults and frailties of the old man.

After a time a young man of fair attainments and with plenty of good clothes, but not much in the way of National securities, came unto the father and said:

“Lo! behold, my hands are white, for I am the ubiquitous dry-goods clerk, and do not soil my hands by work of low degree.”

But the father smiled sweetly and sadly, as one eye formed a crescent, and said:

“She is not for such as ye.”

Then came a young man with much oriole watch-chain and waxed moustache, and “waukenphast” boots, and asked the parental blessing. And the father waxed wroth, and intimated that he would be blessed (only he used a stronger, more emphatic and widely-spread term to convey his meaning) if he could see matrimony in the same light as the oriole young man did. In fact, watch-chains were not paying for codfish.

At last came along a young man with hands as black as coal, for he was a blacksmith of the first water. And in his hands he held a collateral security for money which he had drawn from a savings-bank before it collapsed, and now was safely invested in United States bonds, and he was looked upon with a “fond and (not) foolish eye” by the old gentleman, who said:

“Bless thee, my son, for thou hast hands as pure and white as the driven snow, and art worthy of my daughter. Take her, and my blessing go with thee.”

MORAL—Don’t trust savings-banks, and use less water and more “soap.” J. MYGATT.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE business-manager of Tony Pastor’s is a poet.

HOSTILE and defamatory paragraphs do not affect the Aquarium Chimpanzee.

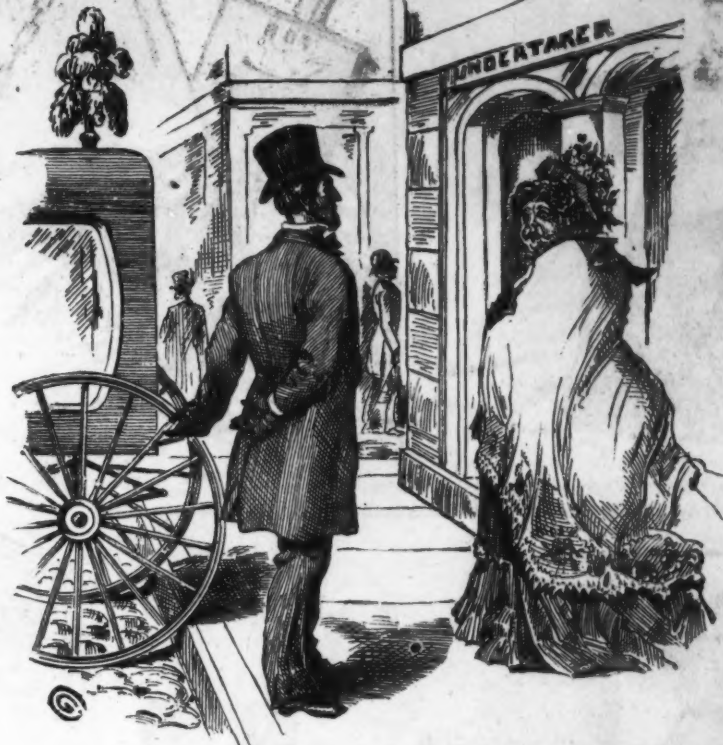
MAGGIE MITCHELL has achieved a box-office triumph in *Fanchon* at the Standard Theatre.

THE “Bohemian Girl” prevails at the Grand Opera House this week. A feature of the opera is an abduction.

MISS DU SAULD has gone to the Park Theatre to play in “Our Bachelors” the rôle of the fascinating widow.

THE use of the word “betwixt” twelve times in a four-act play may not vitiate its claims to originality, but it is dreadfully monotonous to the spectator.

“THE EXILES” is to run eight weeks at Booth’s. The Boston managers who bring it hither are confident of a great deal more success than the play deserves.



WILLING TO TAKE CARE OF HIS WIFE'S RELATIVES.

MRS. GRUMPY: “So that’s your new hearse, Mr. Mould. Quite gorgeous, I declare.”

MR. MOULD: “Yes—your son-in-law was a-lookin’ at it yesterday, an’ said he wished he could give me a job.”

“UNCLE TOM’S CABIN” at the Olympic, Fifth Avenue and Columbia Opera House this week. It seems impossible to crush this terrible piece; but something has been accomplished in getting it all at once.

SINCE the opera has been here very little has been heard regarding the rivalries existing in Sanger’s Menagerie. If unthinking men will persist in giving us three final farewell seasons a year, they ought to manage to throw a little menagerial rivalry into the bargain.

THE misguided young man in the orchestra who hammers on sticks of wood which he calls a Xylophone, may fondly imagine that that classical appellation atones for the non-existence of music in his instrument; but it doesn’t, it painfully doesn’t; and if he could be quietly and unostentatiously sat upon, it would be a relief to the feelings of the audience.

“UNCLE TOM’S CABIN” has come forward at the Fifth Avenue, where “life among the lowly” is not ordinarily portrayed. Manager Fiske has run the gamut which includes a Polish star, a Mexican melodrama, a French drama of intrigue, an Irish comedy, an English opera, a Philadelphia comedian, and three international farces. Mary Anderson and “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” bear a sort of collateral affinity, except that the Tragedienne is not susceptible of as much duplication as “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

“DIPLOMACY” has been presented at Wallack’s, this week, with a cast of some newness. In it are Lester Wallack, H. J. Montague, Fred. Robinson, J. W. Shannon, W. R. Floyd, Rose Coghlan, Maud Granger, Pearl Eytinge, and Mme. Ponisi. We did not have occasion to state last week that the time selected for the critical production would be untimely for mention in this issue of PUCK, but such is the fact. It were better for us to hold our peace on the subject, than for Wallack’s Theatre to hold its piece over any longer.

HELLER has a new bill of wonders this week. Whatever the particular forms of Heller’s spasms may be, it is certain that he always mystifies his audiences as a conjurer, and de-

lights them as a light comedian. In addition to Mr. Heller’s usual attractions he offers this week the history of “Fatima” with his own peculiar mode of illustration. The “Arabian Nights” will stand aghast when they hear it told. Mr. Stanley Dust is at the front door, nightly, offering, in his usual amiable way, to vouch for the truth of everything Mr. Heller says.

BRENTANO already announces the second volume of Victor Hugo’s “Histoire d’un Crime.” Getting ahead of all competitors is a little trade-mark which Brentano has adopted. It is calculated to be effective. Brentano also stands sponsor for a poem by Miss Laura C. S. Dayton. Miss Laura C. S. Dayton is a belle of this city, who “drops into poetry” in her leisure hours. The result of these dippings into the Castalian fount is a dainty little volume called “Beth.”

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She is there.

B.—Yes, they shave notes with a check-raiser.

PHITZ.—May angels hover o’er you—if the performance will afford you any satisfaction. Phitz, you have genuine humor. We wish you could give it to some of our correspondents. But no—it wouldn’t be any use—they wouldn’t know when they had it.

F. W., Austin.—In spite of your injunction, we can’t keep silence. We don’t want to hurt your feelings; but, if you really are “a sportsman’s wife,” don’t you think you could manage to let your muse get to fooling with your husband’s shot-gun—some time when she didn’t know it was loaded? Thank you, all the same.

PERCY BYSSHE.—You are not enough to constitute a holocaust; but we should like to begin on you.

SELEUKOS.—You have a future before you—but as to the kind of future, we don’t commit ourselves. If you ask our opinion, we should say it smelt kind of sulphurous. But we may be mistaken. We are scarcely in a condition to render a coherent and consistent opinion on anything, after reading those paragraphs.

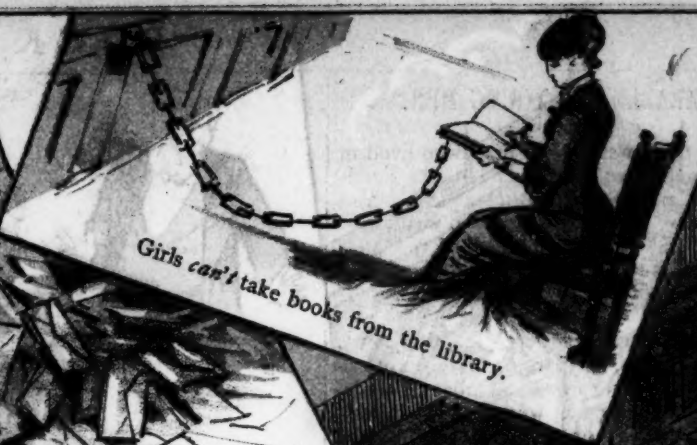
FRENCH.—Will Mr. French, who wrote asking a question concerning the Drama, do us the favor to repeat his query? His letter has been mislaid. We will take pleasure in giving him any information in our power.



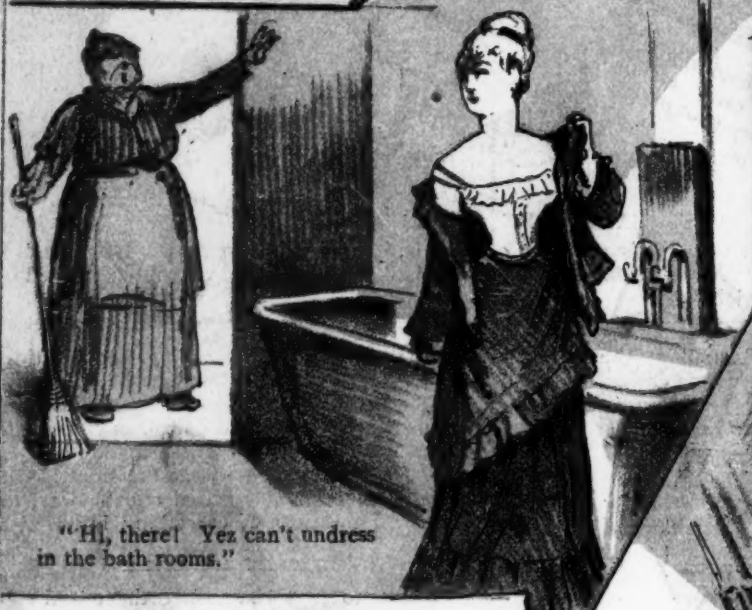
The dearest spot on earth to me
Is Stewart's Woman's Home!



The complaint box.
How it works with
2000 women in one
house!



Girls can't take books from the library.



"Hi, there! Yez can't undress
in the bath rooms."



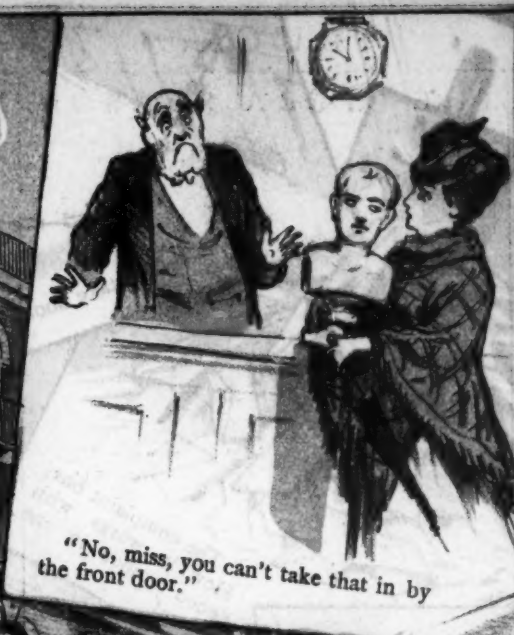
One class of women not to be
admitted under any circumstances.



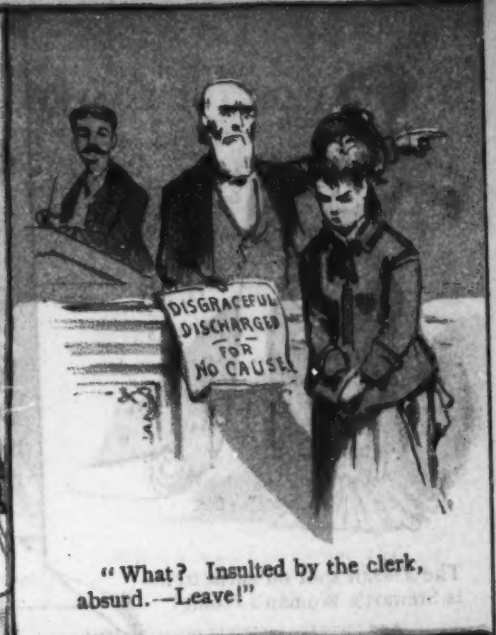
Sufficient recommendation.



Puck suggests a Chaplain and a
sort of Inspector in General.



"No, miss, you can't take that in by the front door."



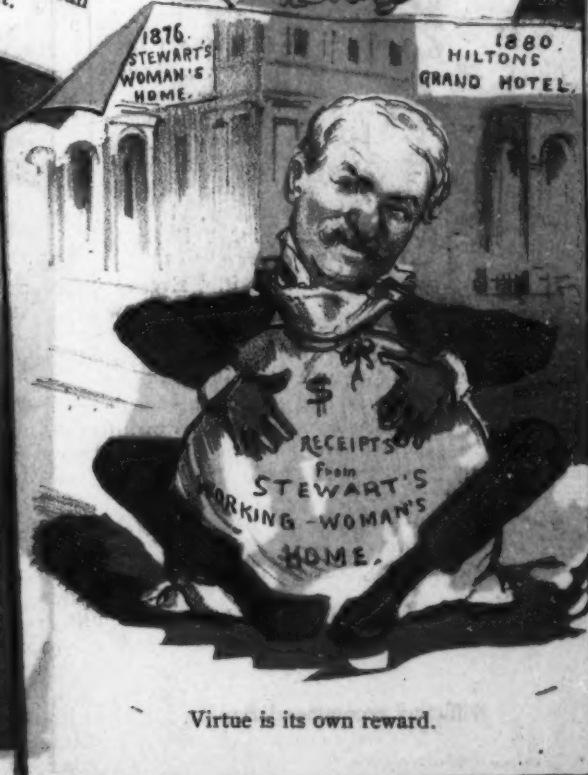
"What? Insulted by the clerk, absurd.--Leave!"



The kind of girl who can't earn money enough to get in.




One who can afford it.



Virtue is its own reward.

THE LAY OF THE LOAFER.


 H! buy me a mule,
 A pea-green mule,
 A mule with a sylph-like grace,
 Of flexible joints,
 And dove-like points,
 And a sky-blue star on his face.

Then get me a dog.
 A yaller dog,
 A long eared saffron brute;
 And then with a gun
 I'll go on a run,
 And the violet rabbit I'll shoot.

Oh! won't it be fun,
 Yes, glorious mirth,
 To prance through the cane and the grass,
 In the soft swamp-land,
 On the lake-side strand,
 And there the hottest of hot spells pass.

Of tender venison meat
 The choicest I'll eat,
 And birds of the rainbow tint I'll slay;
 And there, all alone,
 In the temperate zone,
 I'll live as happy as the length of the day.

And then when Fall
 Shall spread her pall
 Over moorland, and highland, and dale,
 I'll sell out my dog,
 Throw my gun in the bog,
 And come back to free lunches and ale.

But, at the present writing:

Buy me a mule,
 A pea-green mule,
 A mule with a sylph-like grace,
 Of flexible joints,
 And dove-like points,
 And a sky-blue star on his face.

LEM. E. C.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. LIII.

CINCINNATI II.

Ya-as, although
 this place, which
 I've not yet thought
 of venturwing to
 pwonounce, is aw
 not as bad as
 Pattbogs, I can't
 say that I'm des-
 perwately in love
 with it. Every-
 thing is so aw
 fwightfully uninterwesting. Quite too beastly
 slow, yer know. People he-ah dwink a gweat
 deal of whiskey to pwevent their dying of *en-
 nu*. Don't mean to say, yer know, that there
 are not plenty of fellows to aw make a wow, if
 that were necessarwy, but they don't do it, and
 consequently the place has quite a pwovincial
 aw look about it.

Jack says Amerwicans have a gweat deal to
 learn befaw they aw can make a metwopolis to
 order. Mere stweets and aw buildings won't
 do it aw.

This place has a wiver and a bwidge like
 everwy othah place in Amerwica, and it is
 called the Queen City. Now aw that's all wight
 —suppose it was named after Queen Victorwia
 —but I can't say I wemember hearwng of her
 visit he-ah. Still, aw it's complimentarwy in a
 wepublican countwy aw.

THE OPERA SEASON.



THAT POPULAR TENOR.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT has written a sonnet
 on "Pigeons," but singularly enough fails to
 give us his opinion of squab on toast.

SIDNEY LANIER's new poem is called "The
 Harlequin of Dreams." If he wishes to avoid
 nightmare, Sidney should be more parti-color
 about what he eats.

MR. GOSSE, of England, is having an edition
 struck off of his book on poetic forms. If the
 Mr. Goss of America were to strike off, we
 hardly think you would be able to stanza.

MR. BRET HARTE seems to be the knave of
 hearts; he has not stolen tarts, as far as we
 know, but a recent poem of his reflects with
 exceeding happiness a pre-existing poem of Mr.
 Austin Dobson's.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE has in
 press an essay on Francois Villon, with many
 translations of his poems. The French poet, it
 may be remembered, was hung—probably for
 some piece of villony.

HARPER's for April has a poem called
 "L'Allegro," by a person of the name of Mil-
 ton. It is very carelessly written; its metre has
 no regularity whatever; and we wonder why
 the learned editor of the American magazine
 admitted such verses to his pages.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for April actually con-
 tains a joke—a jest of genuine paragraphic
 flavor. Behold: "Kotzebue, who wrote 'The
 Stranger' and was shot—not for that, though
 there are places where they would do it for less."

THE editor of *Scribner* wants a black-and-
 white exhibition. If he could only see a few
 continuous "Drawings of Cork" in company
 with Mr. Mace or Mr. Goss or Mr. Seddons's
 Mouse, he might get a gratuitous display of
 black-and-blue.

PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

IV.

COURTSHIP W.I.H VARIATIONS.

Adapted from the French of H. DE BERNIER, by H. C. BUNNER.

[CONTINUED.]

This broadside of compliments, however, proves a
 dead failure. The victim lies back in his chair and plies
 his crochet-needles, complacently smiling. So far, he
 appears to enjoy being wooed. VIRGINIA sits down and
 meditates. Her eye lights on a jardiniere in the window,
 and it supplies her with an idea. She rises and goes to
 pluck a rose.

ERNEST (*suddenly and ferociously*).

Yow-oo-oo!

VIRGINIA (*at the jardiniere*).

What's the matter?

ERNEST.

I've stuck your inf—I mean your crochet-
 needle into my hand.

VIRGINIA (*unmoved by the catastrophe*).

Never mind, dear, go on crocheting.

ERNEST.

[Remark private, sotto voce, and addressed to
 vacancy.]

VIRGINIA (*returning to him*).

Let me put this in your button-hole, cousin.
 There!—ah, no, that's a little too red. We'll
 tone it down. (*Going again to the jardiniere and
 returning*) Here's a tuberose. Ah! now you are
 —ravishing! You are a picture! (*Standing to
 admire him.*)

ERNEST (*aside*).

Guying again. Let us resume the offensive.
 (*Aloud*) Oh, dear!

VIRGINIA.

What's the matter now?

ERNEST (*spilling the work-basket*).

I don't know. I feel—so—oh!

VIRGINIA.

So what?

ERNEST.

Oh, you've put me all out of sorts. I feel—
 hysterical.

VIRGINIA (*to herself*).

He's making fun of me.

ERNEST (*feebly*).

O cousin! Please—send for a doctor.

VIRGINIA (*with masculine indifference*).

Nonsense, my dear child; you'll get over it—
 you'll get over it.

ERNEST (*plaintively*).

Indeed I won't. I feel worse now.

VIRGINIA.

Let's see. (*Putting her hand on his forehead*)
 Poor dear! your head is hot—absolutely fever-
 ish.

ERNEST (*unwarily*).

Yes, that's it.

VIRGINIA (*seizing her opportunity*).

Yes, dear. (*Soothingly*) Let me keep my hand
 here; it will cool your forehead.

ERNEST (*equal to the situation*).

No, my dear. (*Removing the cooler*) It
 wouldn't be proper.

VIRGINIA (*to herself, as she retires*).

It won't do. I must try something stronger.
 For a debutante, he takes care of himself pretty
 well. (*Aloud*) Ernest, do you know of what I
 am thinking?

ERNEST.

Of nothing, probably.

VIRGINIA (*impulsively*).

The impertinent fellow! (*Aside, recollecting
 herself*) But no. It's his part. That's the way
 we women do. (*She returns to the attack*) No,
 Ernest, I was thinking of your youth—of the
 happy days when we were children. Have you
 forgotten it? (*Pensively*) We were always to-

gether then. We had no friends. We lived a life apart from other children. You were my Paul, and I was your Virginia.

ERNEST (*heartlessly*).

Oh, yes. I remember. A romance in duodecimo—idylls, pastorals, all that sort of thing. But you get over these affairs as you grow older. The world gives you something else to think about.

VIRGINIA (*aside*).

He's getting positively outrageous, now. (*Aloud, with a sudden change of tone*) Stay, Ernest; it is better that we should stop here. Let us go no further—we have perhaps gone too far already. I have been too reckless. I should not have lent myself to this comedy. We should not play with love in this foolish fashion. We may have reason to repent of it some day.

ERNEST.

Virginia! (*Privately*) What's all this?

VIRGINIA (*nervously*).

Do you know—it is not impossible that—without knowing it—that my heart should cease to be insensible—my laughter of this morning should change to tears before the evening? Even now, it seems to me, I tremble at the thought of this strange game we are playing. What if in this jest I should betray myself—what if—I learned to love you? (*Aside*) We'll see this time!

ERNEST (*on his feet*).

What! Is it true? You might—you might—love me? Yes, yes—for I love you. Cousin—Virginia—my own! Don't check this impulse of your heart—it speaks the truth. Why should we not love? Why should you not give me your heart, as you have taught me to give you—

VIRGINIA (*with a peal of laughter*).

One dollar!

ERNEST (*taken aback*).

One dollar?

VIRGINIA.

Yes—a counter—a forfeit—caught this time!

ERNEST (*solemnly reseating himself*).

'Twasn't fair.

VIRGINIA.

Why not?

ERNEST.

Because I wasn't caught.

VIRGINIA.

You weren't

ERNEST.

I wasn't caught. No.

VIRGINIA.

Then why did you respond in that way?

ERNEST.

Well, my dear, the circumstances—after what you had said, you know—politeness required—I couldn't do less.

VIRGINIA.

Do you mean to say that I didn't deceive you?

ERNEST.

Not in the least.

VIRGINIA (*warmly*).

You did not believe, when I spoke to you just now, that I was beginning to feel for you a tender sentiment?

ERNEST (*with shameless mendacity*).

I did not believe it.

VIRGINIA (*growing excited*).

Explain yourself, sir! You were not serious then, when you answered me?

ERNEST.

I was jesting—as you were.

VIRGINIA (*exploding*).

And you dared! You had the audacity! Ah, now I believe you have been jesting from the first—this love you have always expressed—it was a jest too!

ERNEST (*languidly*).

You don't think that.

VIRGINIA.

I do! Ah, it is a good lesson to me. That is the way a woman is deceived. What fools we are! It was just the same air, the same accent, the same words, the same look of adoration. 'Twas no better done when you meant it—but you never meant it. If you can imitate love so well, you can never have felt it. I have unmasked you. We will settle this matter. You don't love me? (*Marching up and down the room*) We'll see! What, you don't answer me? No—you can't! Be silent—it is the best thing you can do. Oh, if I spoke my mind—you—you—impostor! I can't restrain myself! I'm going—and I'll never—never—see you again!

And she departs like a small feminine hurricane. Yet the bang of the door seems to cover something like a sob. The wretched impostor sits still, as a man conscious of his own iniquity. But as he meditates a puzzled look begins to overspread his features. With less depression in his tone than becomes the situation, he murmurs to himself:

Well, I'll be damned.

This masterpiece of eloquence he repeats three several times and then adds:

I'll swear she was going to cry.

The striking of a clock, and the simultaneous opening of the door disturb his profane reverie. MRS. BERKELEY appears on the threshold. She may have been "going to cry;" but she certainly shows no signs of having yielded to the impulse. She is bright, laughing, and triumphant.

VIRGINIA.

Ernest, dinner! The game is over! You remember the agreement. I exact strict adherence to the terms therein expressed. From this time until my departure, you are not to whisper one word of love to me.

ERNEST.

Unless you ask me to.

VIRGINIA (*laughing*).

Unless I ask you to—that was agreed.

ERNEST (*calmly*).

And you will also be so kind as to remember that I still retain nine counters, and that each one of them represents a—kiss.

VIRGINIA (*with icy resignation*).

I suppose I must submit.

ERNEST.

No!

VIRGINIA.

What?

ERNEST.

No. No doubt it would be very delightful to press my lips to your cheek if but one look invited me—but thus—no! Your calmness speaks without disguise. The charm is destroyed—you know yourself, the contact of lips is nothing—it is the emotion, the soul of the kiss, that I seek.

VIRGINIA.

Excuse me, sir. I admit, you may be doing violence to your feelings in kissing me; but I insist—I have my reasons. At this price I shall be finally freed from your importunities. You shall fulfill your part of the bargain. Come, sir, treaties are made for the benefit of the victor. If you are generous—you will kiss me.

ERNEST (*gravely*).

Very well—I will obey, since honor compels me. (*Going toward her*) You are blushing.

VIRGINIA.

No, I'm not.

ERNEST.

Yes, you are, I say.

VIRGINIA (*impatiently*).

No, sir! No. I am ready.

The victim turns a pink cheek to the recalcitrant conqueror, who exacts his tribute with hesitating reluctance. VIRGINIA grows very white, and her cousin frowns darkly, like a captive pirate on the point of execution.

ERNEST.

This is cruel. But it must be done—and one gets accustomed to everything. Eight more.

VIRGINIA.

No—no—I beg of you!

ERNEST.

Eight kisses, if you please.

VIRGINIA.

But just now you didn't care about them at all.

ERNEST.

But just now you cared about them a great deal.

VIRGINIA.

But then—since—O, Ernest—please don't insist.

ERNEST.

Why not? Is it that—you love me?

VIRGINIA.

No—not a bit. What is troubling me is—are—those eight counters.

ERNEST.

Those eight counters?

VIRGINIA.

Yes, those eight—counters.

ERNEST.

You don't like the gross amount of kissing they represent?

VIRGINIA.

No.

ERNEST.

Well. There's a way to stop all that kind of thing.

VIRGINIA.

What is it?

ERNEST.

Marry! 'Twon't trouble you any more after that.

VIRGINIA (*looking down*).

Isn't there any other way?

ERNEST.

None that I know of.

VIRGINIA.

Oh, dear!

(*A pause.*)

ERNEST.

Come, Virginia, decide.

VIRGINIA.

Decide—what?

ERNEST.

Whether you'll marry me or not.

VIRGINIA.

Who was talking about marrying?

ERNEST (*with business-like precision*).

I was: and you were, too.

VIRGINIA.

Well, don't talk any more—at least not to-day—to-morrow.

ERNEST.

And what do you wish me to do to-morrow?

VIRGINIA.

Oh, you can—you can ask any questions you want to. And (*with a sudden smile*) I can answer them.

ERNEST.

I haven't any questions to ask.

VIRGINIA.

You haven't?

ERNEST.

No. Virginia, we set out to play "Courtship with Variations," and play it we shall. It may be a shade frivolous, a little foolish, our comedy; but it is I who have the dangerous rôle—that of the ingénue. You are the lover—I am the true and tender woman. Make your proposal.

VIRGINIA (*with startling suddenness*).

I will! (*Gravely*) Sir! recognizing in you the possessor of many excellent qualities, regarding

you as a young man of amiability, good moral character and—

ERNEST.

And?

VIRGINIA.

Some charms of person—regarding you thus, I say, a young friend of mine desires that I should speak in her name. She finds existence a sad feast, unshared with any other loving heart. She feels that to be truly comfortable, affection must sit opposite one at a table and carve the roast-beef. Will you undertake the discharge of these functions? Come, blush for form's sake and say—

ERNEST (*with ingenuous confusion*).

Yes!

[

Business.

]

ERNEST (*suddenly recollecting himself*).

But stop—what am I doing? It was agreed that I was not to breathe another word of love to you.

VIRGINIA.

Unless—I asked you to.

ERNEST.

Well, do you?

VIRGINIA (*shyly*).

Would it be very much out of place, do you think, in—

COURTSHIP WITH VARIATIONS?

ERNEST does not appear to think it would.

[QUICK CURTAIN.]

The Two Neighbors of Quimper.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER V.

"HE WILL RETURN," SHE SAID.

JEAN PICARD was dead—the funeral was over, and, to the surprise of everyone, the notary of Quimper declared that the old merchant had left every liard he possessed, not to his beloved godchild Frangoise Kergrist, but to his esteemed and trusted friend Olivier Logonna; who was also appointed trustee to the two Kergrist children, in place of the dead man.

This arrangement had necessitated more than one meeting between the sorrowful Frangoise and Logonna; but though he looked deeply penitent, she treated him with a lofty contempt and only spoke to him when absolutely required to do so.

She was almost heartbroken to-day. The house and all that it contained was the property of Logonna. He had sent her a message through the village priest of Locmaria, the priest who had married her and Jehan, to ask her to consider herself as much the mistress of the house as she had been in her godfather's lifetime, but she had refused. She saw that Father Felix thought highly of Olivier, and she did not like to accuse him, but she would not accept his offer.

"You will find it hard to live, my daughter," Father Felix shook his head with deprecation. "Both rent and provisions are dearer since the war began, and you will find it hard to live in Quimper on what remains to you."

"It will not be for long, Father; Jehan must soon come back now."

Father Felix shook his head; Olivier had persuaded him that Jehan was dead, and more than once the priest had advised Frangoise to

consider herself a widow; but she remained obstinate.

"Farewell, my child," he said; "I hope you will change your mind and stay here. I shall come again to-morrow."

He went out of the long low room, along a short clay-floored passage, but it seemed to her that he stopped halfway. She heard a cry, and then back came the sound of shuffling feet, and the priest's white scared face looked in on her again.

"Frangoise," he spoke hoarsely, "my good child, prepare yourself: you are right—or it is his spirit."

"It is Jehan!" but she could not move: she stood with clasped hands and straining eyes awaiting her husband.

He came in. He was so gray, so wan and weary-looking—such a beggar in appearance, that he was scarcely to be recognized; but Frangoise took no note of this. She sprang forward and clasped him in her arms; then she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed out her joy and sorrow.

Father Felix stole quietly away to fetch the children. He was glad that Frangoise's sorrow was over, but still if she had been really a widow she might have married the rich man, Olivier Logonna, and Olivier had promised a new shrine to the church of Locmaria. Father Felix was vexed with himself that he was not more entirely satisfied.

When he came back with the two children, he was greatly surprised at the change in Jehan's manner. His face was red and angry, his eyes sparkled, and he was standing in front of Frangoise, questioning her.

The little boys hung back shyly; they did not recognize their father in this soiled, ragged man.

Jehan threw himself on a chair, and pointed at them angrily.

"They, too, take me for a beggar," he said. "Well, Father Felix, are you also in this precious conspiracy to defraud me of what is really mine?"

Frangoise did not speak. She raised first one child and then another, and when she had placed them in their father's arms, she hurried to seek food for the wanderer. Meantime the children's kisses softened Jehan.

He turned more courteously to Father Felix, who had begun to question him, and told him how he had been seized by a Danish pirate and made to work on board his captor's ship, till he at last contrived to escape; how he had been plundered of all he had, and thus had been forced to make a long journey on foot, and to beg his way from Bordeaux, near which place he had landed; and now how his wife had greeted him with the news of Jean Picard's will, and also that Logonna had told her he was a beggar.

"And are you not one, then, my son?" Father Felix brightened with a sudden hope. He had been in terrible anxiety for the future he saw for Frangoise with this ruined husband.

"No, I swear by St. Corentin. No—I gave all my money, a very large sum, to Logonna, and he swore to watch over it as though it were his own and to keep the matter a secret."

The priest gave a deep sigh of relief.

"And so he has, my son; even to me he has not said one word of the deposit entrusted to him."

"But I tell you, Father, he has denied its existence. He has told my wife I changed my mind and gave him nothing."

Father Felix smiled.

"Do you think, my son, he would tell a woman that which he concealed from me? It was but a pious deception to keep your secret from all. Olivier is a good man, and he has watched over your wife and children like a brother."

Jehan shrugged his shoulders.

"I loved Olivier dearly," he said; "but I did not think he would have juggled my wife out of her inheritance; he—"

The priest raised his hand.

"Forbear, my son. That was not his fault; the old man was childish and feeble; he grew so to depend on Logonna that he could not bear him out of his sight; he was besotted over him."

Jehan had grown calm and like himself, and as Frangoise came into the room he folded her tenderly in his arms.

"My child," he said, "your godfather's will must be seen to. I will eat a crust of bread and drink a glass of wine—no more," he waved away the salver of good things which Gwen carried behind her mistress; "and then, Father, by your leave, we will all go to Quimper, and find out the truth for ourselves."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ORDEAL.

THE trio took some time to reach Quimper. Frangoise rode behind her husband on the old gray horse that had often carried her and her godfather, and Father Felix walked beside them. Before they reached the city gates, the news had spread of Jehan's return.

The Bishop of Quimper sat alone in the Palace Library—at that time he and the chapter of the Cathedral regulated the affairs of the city of Quimper, and, like a good captain, since war had broken out he had remained at the helm of public affairs.

A knock; the curtain which masked the door was drawn aside, and a servant asked an audience for Monsieur Olivier Logonna.

The bishop bowed, and then summoned a welcoming smile. He had no reason to dislike Logonna; he was not liberal, but the priest of Locmaria asserted that he paid his dues, and led a good life—and yet the bishop had always shrunk from the dark-browed subtly-smiling man.

"Good day, my son," he said, as Olivier bent low to kiss his hand; "what can I do for you?"

Olivier looked very sad.

"My lord, I am cast down with trouble. My fellow-townsmen and friend Jehan Kergrist, whom we all thought dead, has returned—though, indeed, from what I hear, it is like enough that it is not he, but some impostor who has learned his story, and is passing himself off on the poor wife as her husband—if it be the true Jehan, then, alas, he is distraught and possessed."

The words jarred on the bishop; he looked up sharply at Olivier.

"On what do you found this charge?"

But there was another rapping at the door, and before the bishop had given leave the servant came in hurriedly.

"Pardon, my lord—but there is good news; Jehan Kergrist is not dead after all, he is waiting without."

The man had known Jehan all his life, and his eyes were bright with pleasure.

"He may come in," the bishop turned his head away from Olivier, who tried to interpose.

Jehan came in, followed by the priest and Frangoise; they all knelt and kissed his hand, but the bishop was shocked by the change he saw in Jehan.

Logonna came forward and greeted him.

"Welcome home, friend," he said; "why, we had all given you up," he looked into Jehan's eyes, and Kergrist's doubts melted into renewed trust in his friend.

"I came to Quimper to find you, Olivier; to ask you to restore the precious deposit I con-

fided to you. I have lost all besides," he said frankly; "that is to say, while this war lasts and trade is at an end with foreign countries."

Logonna looked at the bishop, and touched his forehead.

"My good Jehan, you mistake," he said gently. "Do you not remember what passed between us? You gave me this precious charge, but at the last you changed your mind and I restored it to you—surely you remember that."

Jehan looked at him keenly, but Olivier met his eyes with a look of gentle pity in his dark narrow gaze.

"You are distraught, Olivier Logonna, or you are the blackest of liars. Recollect yourself; it was you who first urged this journey on me, and then you bade me secretly sell all that I had, and give you the money to take care of."

The bishop looked earnestly from one face to the other.

"You are both men of good repute," he said, "and yet one of you must be a great sinner. Jehan, are you sure of what you say?"

Spite of his secret shrinking from Logonna, the man's calm gentleness seemed to attest his innocence; the angry face and impetuous gestures of miserable-looking, beggarly Jehan went against him in the bishop's mind.

"Oh my lord, do not you doubt me," he said imploringly; "I have no proof but my word, but I have never broken that."

"Did you take no receipt, then, for this money?" The bishop's manner had become colder towards Jehan.

"No—I would have as soon thought of asking a receipt from you, my lord."

The bishop sat musing; at last he looked sadly at Jehan.

"I must summon the chapter, and you shall know the result of their conference; but I must warn you, Jehan, that I fear it can not be favorable to you. Till you went away, your good repute was equal to Monsieur Logonna's; but you have been away for more than a year, and we do not know of your doings; this will, I fear, go against you."

Françoise had stood clasping her hands on her bosom, but now she stepped forward and fell on her knees.

"My lord, we do not know what Jehan has been doing all this while, but a straight tree does not at once grow crooked; until he went, his life had been spotless. Ah, my lord, no one knew how good he was but I." She paused to get courage.

"Peace, my poor child," said the bishop; "if Logonna had a wife, she would say as much for him as you do for Jehan. Now I must send you all away that I may consider this matter."

Françoise started up. "She could not say so, for he is not a good man," she cried with passion in her voice. "Ah, my lord, through this year you and others have seen but the outside of that false man; he affirmed to me that my husband was beggared and had left me for a new wife, and he besought me to love him—him, Olivier Logonna—traitor, you know this is truth!" She almost screamed out the last words, and pointed at Olivier, who had flushed deeply while she spoke.

The bishop looked very stern. "I cannot enter into a fresh matter till the first is settled; but if this is true, Logonna, it will deeply injure your cause."

Olivier had recovered himself. "I forgive her, my lord," he said quietly; "no one can blame a wife's expedient to save her husband's credit."

The bishop seemed as if he did not hear; he went out with a troubled look, but he bade Father Felix keep Jehan and his wife safely in a room by themselves, till they were summoned to the Chapter-house. Logonna, he said, could return to his own house and hold himself in readiness.

The trial is over. Logonna and Jehan stand in the midst of the Chapter-house, with the circle of grave faces bent on them. Most of the reverend judges side with Logonna, a few with Jehan, but these last are silenced, when all at once Logonna stands up and prays to be heard.

"Holy Fathers," he says fervently, "I am ready to swear before the Blessed Crucifix on the high altar that I restored to Jehan the money he accuses me of; will the proof content you?"

There is universal assent, and the bishop decrees that the oath shall at once be taken.

The procession forms, and slowly enters the Cathedral from the long vaulted passage that connects the Chapter-house with it. The church is full of the excited townsmen and women of Quimper. Françoise walks as close as she can to her husband.

And now they stand before the high altar; Logonna and Kergrist are side by side, and after some moments of solemn prayer, the bishop mounts the steps and stretches out his hands towards the crucifix; presently he beckons Logonna forward.

Olivier turns to his neighbor: "Hold this for me," he whispers, and he hands Jehan the stick he has been walking with; then he too mounts the steps of the altar.

"Swear," the bishop says, and there is a breathless hush. The population of Quimper have thronged into the Cathedral, but there is no sound; in the deep stillness Françoise hears the throbbing of her heart.

"I swear," Olivier says—how feeble his voice sounds!—"that I restored to my friend and neighbor Jehan Kergrist the money which he says I have received from him. I swear it on this holy symbol."

Ah, what is that! He stretches out his hand and touches the crucifix; the feet of the holy image loosen from the cross—a drop of blood falls—another, and then another.

Jehan's horror overmasters him, he lets fall the stick and reels against Father Felix, who stands near him with Françoise. There is a chink of metal, and lo! the staff has broken and from it has poured the stolen treasure, the precious deposit of Jehan Kergrist.

There is a pause, a deep hush, and then a groan rises from the assembled people; the bishop waves his hand to motion Logonna from the altar which he has profaned.

But he stands immovable, and they seize him and drag him away; he bursts into a shriek—he does not resist, but laughs and mocks at them with the gestures of an idiot. The awful judgment had taken away his reason.

In one of the side chapels of the fair Cathedral of St. Corentin, there is over the altar the representation of this legend, and of the crime of Logonna of Quimper.

[END.]



Puck's Exchanges.

WE desire to inform our genial friend and correspondent, Pleasant Riderhood, that the intimation of her cousin to the effect that we wear paper collars is a cruel and malicious slander. Such reports are not only not in good taste, but at a critical period like this in the country's history, are calculated to work great evil.—*Danbury News.*

A DIVORCE in time saves nine—bottles of hair restorative.—*Worcester Press.*

WE suggest to Grant that he should "see Naples and die." Nothing like it.—*Derrick.*

UNLESS all signs fail, winter will soon be carrying his backbone in a sling.—*Oil City Derrick.*

MRS. HAYES has gone to Ohio. Her husband will act as President during her absence.—*Boston Post.*

MARCH is beginning to behave like the British lion. It is hard to tell which is the windiest.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

EVEN a tramp would hate to be found dead with a sample of the new silver dollar on him.—*Brooklyn Union-Argus.*

SOME men are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them, and some are natives of Ohio.—*Courier-Journal.*

AMERICA must always be ahead in something, and our navy can boast of more leaky vessels than all of Europe combined.—*Kronikle Herald.*

BESIDE supporting a Zoological Garden, Philadelphia also supplies quite a number of members to the Pennsylvania Legislature.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THEY are talking of damming the Woonasquottuck river. The man who named it should be served that way, as well as the river.—*Norr. Herald.*

LITTLE boy at the opening of a proposed spelling match: "Let's start fair, grandmother. You take Nebuchadnezzar and I'll take cat."—*Unknown Exchange.*

THE President enjoys, even to uproarious laughter, all the satirical things said about his administration. He must be on the broad grin incessantly.—*Chicago Times.*

THE newspapers are still harping on the fact that the new Pope used to write poetry. Why not let bygones be bygones? Isn't this an era of genuine reconciliation?—*Worcester Press.*

A SYRACUSE clergyman wanted to compromise with parishioners who volunteered to give him a donation visit, by giving them orders on a restaurant for one hundred oyster stews.—*Canastota Herald.*

IN French the necessities of life mean pepper and salt. Give Pierre ten pounds of condiments and he can make the hind-leg of a frog feed all the sick men in a regiment.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

THE editor of the Oil City Derrick announces his willingness to fill a vacancy. Now charity begins at home. Why doesn't he fill the one under his hat?—*Cruel Buffalo Express.*

BEWARE of the two-dollar man. If he says one dollar or two and a half he may be an honest borrower. But the chronic beat is he who endeavors to extract two dollars without pain.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WE would like to inquire if there is a vacant chair in the faculty of Dartmouth or Princeton? We make the inquiry in the interest of old man Bender, who is somewhat broken in fortune, and is looking for a job.—*Derrick.*

MR. DOUGLASS, of Virginia, knows his strong points. He became famous in one day by getting drunk, and he probably couldn't have done it in a life-time in any other way. There's nothing like well-directed effort.—*Boston Herald.*

A NEW resident of our town, who subscribed for a Texas paper last January, ordered it discontinued a week ago. He says the editor has no enterprise; that a single issue of the paper never contained more than three murders and five lynchings; that he used to live in Texas, and wants a paper from there that gives all the news.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE New York *Sun* has a long alleged poem entitled "America needs no Army." In dark moments of doubt and depression we have sometimes thought that perhaps America might be able to get along without a New York *Sun*.—*Boston Globe*.

ONE of the grandest sights we ever beheld was Theodore Tilton, the other day, posed like a Roman senator before an apple-stand, while a dark-eyed Sicilian maid filled his rear pocket with a pint of peanuts.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THERE is a strong difference between Senator Blaine and Senator Conkling. The latter is always preparing a speech which he never delivers, while the former is always delivering a speech which he never prepares.—*Philadelphia Times*.

NEW oath to be taken by members of the House of Representatives—"You do solemnly swear to keep sober as much as possible, and at all events not to use this chamber for exhibitory purposes without paying a license."—*Buffalo Express*.

AN editor's wife never goes through her husband's other trousers pockets to strike a package of love letters. Editors are not like the wicked, unfaithful men of the world—editors rarely have the other trousers—*Catskill Recorder*.

A GENTLEMAN suffering from gout was explaining to a friend that his doctor did not permit him to eat sweets, potatoes, fruits, farinaceous vegetables, ale, beer, wine—. "Well," exclaimed the friend, "why don't you get another doctor?"—*N. Y. Herald*.

COUNTERFEITS of the new silver dollar are already in circulation. Young Mikaber, who is always financially depressed, says the bogus coin may be easily detected. "If I get a new dollar," he explains, "it is counterfeit; if I don't get one, it is genuine."—*Norr. Herald*.

COME listen, O love, to my zither;
She lists not—some snoozer is with her.
I'll just lie in wait

Till he comes through the gate,
And cave in his hat with my zither.

—*Worcester Press*.

A LOWELL man who lost his good character some time ago was severely hauled over by some of his former friends. "I know it, boys. I know my character's gone, lost entirely. And," he added rather pointedly, "it's too confounded bad, for it was the only one in the place worth saving."—*Lowell Journal*.

THE young man paced the parlor,
While she was cleaning her teeth;
And he thought of the brilliant dollars
Of the daddy who would bequeath.
The old man sat on a counter,
With his head between his hands,
And rejoiced that his girl had a lover
Who would help him to meet his demands.
Both mistaken.—*Washington Capital*.

MR. GODWIN got a sound rap from Professor Youmans in the *Popular Science Monthly* for his bad taste at the Tyndall dinner. He had quoted from Wordsworth in the course of his attack, like some callow sophomore, as follows:

"Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

Whereupon Professor Youmans remarked: "It is a matter of indifference from what source Mr. Godwin chooses to procure his lacteal fluid."—*Saphir's N. Y. letter in Washington Capital*.

THE son of a dyspeptic sire
Is not the kind of a laddie
To hanker sedulously for
The dolor of his daddy.

—*Yonkers Gazette*.

DANGEROUS LEGISLATION.

Here shall the Press the people's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law.

Freemen, awake! Your liberties are in danger! The institutions for which your fathers shed their blood are threatened! In the Legislature last Friday a member from Delaware county introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor for anyone to "purchase at public drinking places intoxicating drinks for any other person than himself"—in other words, to deny you the glorious North American privilege of setting 'em up. Awake, freemen! awake! awake! In the name of all that's dear to an American heart, we call upon you to arouse yourselves and resent this insult to Hail Columbia. Remember the struggles of our forefathers. Remember Waterloo and Bunker Hill, and the campaign of 1876. Remember Princeton College. And don't forget that you owe two dollars for the *Weekly Patriot and Statesman*. We must have money at once. Subscribers in arrears will please take notice. This is positively the last call. But we digress. We desire to call the attention of every true American citizen to the fact that this Delaware county measure must be crushed in its inception. Summer with its juleps will soon be upon us. Already the mint grows greenly upon the hill-side; the golden straw is waiting to be p'ucked from the mow, and the ice is mellowing in the sawdust. Shall it be written upon our statute-books that no man shall say, "Come up and take something?" No, by heaven, no-o-o-oh!—*Oil City Derrick*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is credited with saying that he has the Queen on his side, Parliament with him, and the People of England at his back, and that if he were ten years younger he would remake the map of Europe. Several enterprising newspapers have many times remade the map of Europe during the Eastern war, without having a queen on their side, a parliament with them, or anything but a page of advertisements at their back.—*Worcester Press*.

THE Brooklyn *Union-Argus* finds on the reverse side of the new silver dollar an "eagle in a spasm, as if it had been exposed two hours in an amateur shooting-match without being hit."—*Worcester Press*.

IN Rio Janeiro it is no unusual thing to see boys of twenty-one whose mothers are no more than thirty-three.—*Ex*. To see boys of thirty-three whose mothers are no more than twenty-one would be a much more remarkable sight.—*Norristown Herald*.



NOTICE.

No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at full price.

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In Memoriam Brigham Young.

To supply the demand for the above-named illustration, depicting the "Mormon's Empty Pillow," and owing to the fact that the edition of "PUCK" containing it has been entirely exhausted, the cartoon has been published as a single sheet, and can be obtained from any newsdealer in the country.

"PUCK" PUBLISHING CO.,

13 N. William Street, New York.

NOTICE.

The PUZZLE-PICTURE—Supplement in No. 53, issue of March 13th:

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND,
WHO DECIDES THE EUROPEAN QUESTION?
TO WHICH POWER MUST ALL THINGS YIELD?

has been published as a separate sheet, and is for sale by all newsdealers, and at the PUCK office, at

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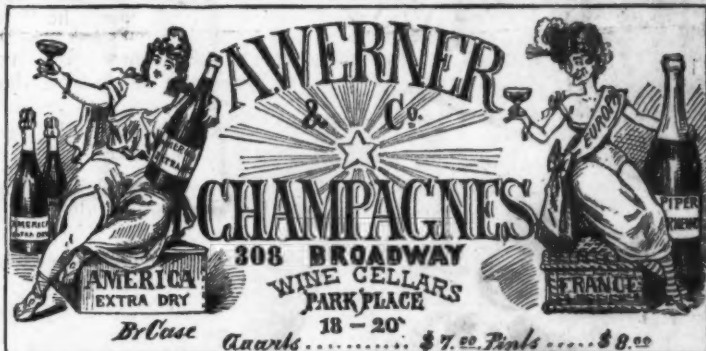
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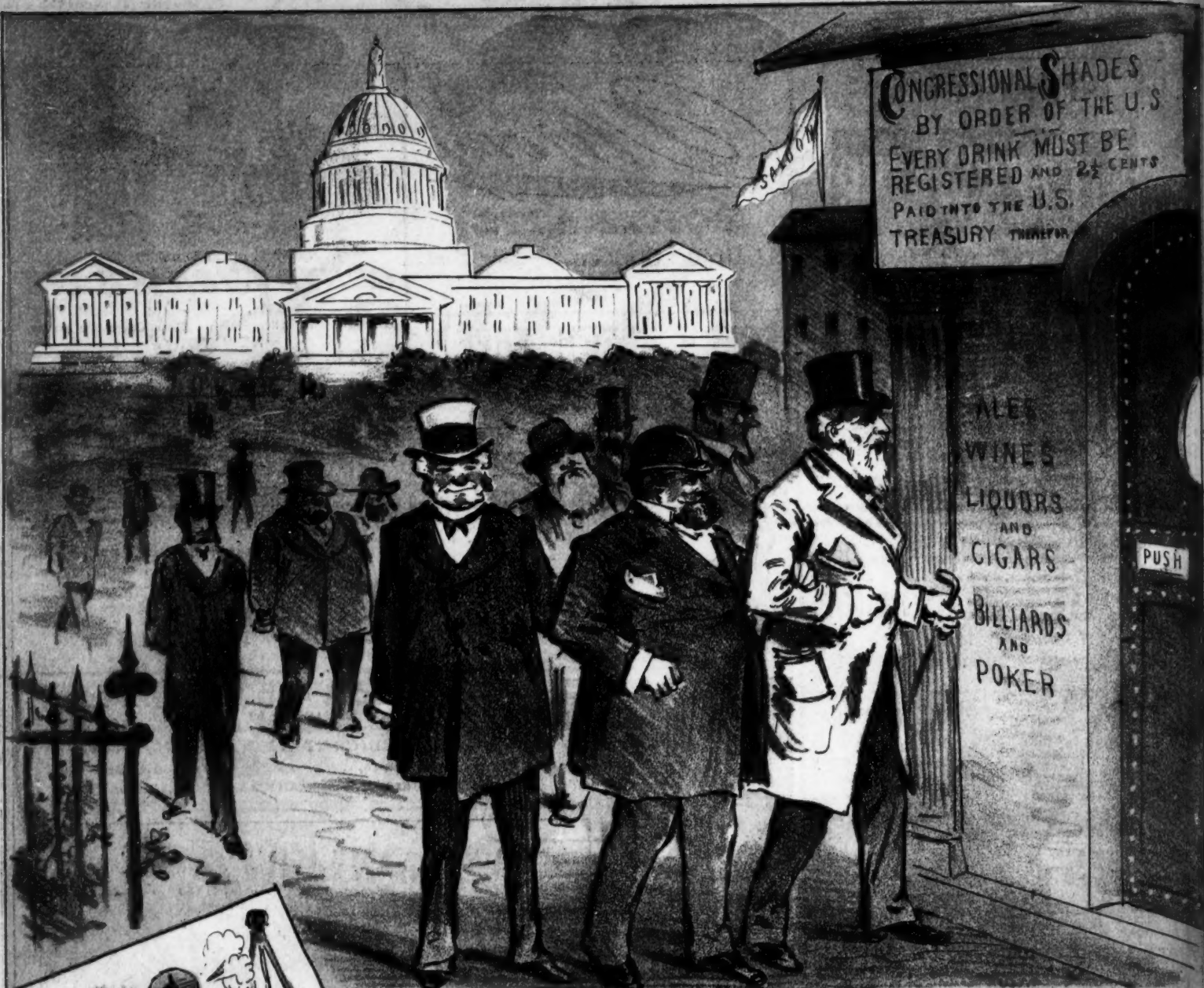
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